

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, September 28. 1708.

Review.

MY dear Friend, my mad Man, I want your Advice very much.

Mad Man. What is it about, pray? You are like to be but in a poor Case, if you want a mad Man's Advice.

Rev. Really, the Subject is melancholly, and the Auditory very discouraging.

M. What, you are not a-going to propose Prayers and Fasting again, I hope, are you?

Rev. Indeed I am.

M. I would advise you to let it alone.

Rev. Why so?

M. For two Reasons. 1. If you do it seriously, they'll say, you are a damn'd canting Fellow, that 'tis none of your Business to put them in mind of those Things which the Government knows the Sea-

sons for, and the Clergy are the People to talk of it. 2. If you will have it done, let me do it, for they can but say I am mad, and that you know is true enough—But if they say you are mad, it would be a Reflection—besides there is something maddish in the very Proposal it self.

Rev. How do you make that out? —

Is it a mad Thing to pray, and fast, and humble our selves before our Maker?

M. No, no—But speaking after the Manner of mad Men, you have mock'd GOD and Man too so often with your pretended Fasts and Humiliations without Reformation, that did GOD deal with Man in his Way, were he not GOD and not Man, it would be a mad Thing to expect any thing but Destruction from him.

Rev. Well.

Rev. Well, I am not for giving over praying for two all that, and I'll tell you particular Occasions for it, that have mov'd me, however it may affront the Age to talk to them again about this ungrateful Subject.

M. Pray, let's hear your Reasons, I hope they are very good, or they will not do in this Case.

Rev. I think them good; if any Body does not, they are welcome to add more to them, as many as they please; my Reasons are two.

1. Our Enemies are praying heartily against us abroad.
2. GOD is visibly and terribly threatening us at home.

M. And will they not call this Canting and Hypocritism now? I tell you, they'll all say you are mad, you had better let me talk to them—and I shall desire them no more to assist the Hypocrite, but to turn down-right mad Men, and never pray at all.

Rev. Well, You your way, and I mine—But pray, why not pray at all? It is not so mad a Piece of Advice, as it is really Atheistical and Profane.

M. Well, let me alone to make out that afterwards; perhaps my Advice may be as good as yours at the latter End of it, when the Story is apply'd; but let us hear your serious Part first.

Rev. Why, first I say, *Our Enemies abroad are praying against us very heartily.*

M. A good Protestant Reason that is indeed; they are telling over their Beads, and mumbling of *Latin*, that they do not understand when they say it; and this is one of your mighty Reasons for our going to Prayers—Prithee, what signifies *Papish* Prayers, is that the best Reason you can give?

Rev. They, that taught you that are madder than you—Pray who did the Mariners pray to when *Jonah* was asleep, yet the True GOD heard them, and made *Jonah* tell them what to do to deliver them tho' to his own Destruction?—And who did the *Ninevites* pray to, and yet the True GOD heard them, so as to adjourn their Destruction 40 Years—Nor would

I dare to say, that many of the *Papists* do not pray to the True GOD; ay, and with more Sincerity than Thousands of *Protestants*, who pretend to think themselves more Holy than other People—We do not challenge the *Papists* for not praying to the True GOD, We object against their admitting a Plurality of Mediums and Intercessors—But that is not our Business here: They are praying—By the Publick Authority of the Archbishop of *Paris*, all the People in his Diocese are humbling themselves and praying—Be it, that every Man is praying to HIS GOD, if there should chance to be a few sincere Petitioners among them to the True GOD—Have a care! If you let them pray on, and you pray none, the Consequence may be what none of us expect.

M. This is all Pilegmatick, and you are troubled with the Hyppo; here are a great many good People, that are always praying for Success to our Arms by Sea and Land—And how do you know they are all a praying Abroad so earnestly, tho' the Archbishop of *Paris* has commanded it, that may be but a thing of course?

Rev. Now you have really taken it a piece—There are a great many People that do pray, &c. you say—Ay, GOD forbid there should not, and 'tis for those few for ought you know that your Cause is supported, and your Armies not given up to your Enemies—But what think you of those, that Drink the Prosperity of the Queen's Arms of ner than they pray for it?—And indeed seldom pray otherwise than over their Glass—An Exercise, in which to be sure, he that is drunkest prays most, till surfeited with their Blasphemous Devotion, and Drunk with the praying Excess, they may be well said to vomit up Prayers for our Armies and Navies; add to these the careless unconcern'd Devotion of this Age, in those mock sham Pieces of Religion, call'd *Fast-Days* and *Thanksgivings*—And tell me what have you to expect?—Are these the Humiliations of the *Ninevites*? For shame, mock GOD no more with your shows of Repentance, but go to School to Heathens, and Papists, or any body to teach you; that if you expect the Favour and Defence

sence of Heaven in your War, if you look for any thing but Vengeance from Him, you must make ANOTHER SORT of Application to Him; than is yet among us——The Example of Nineveh you know, if you have lately look'd in the Bible——Will you now look to Paris?—And there you will find a new Pattern worth your imitating, I assure you; *Post-Boy Septemb. 9. From Paris——There being a Rumour, that the King has sent positive Orders to the Duke of Burgundy to hazard a Battle; Publick Prayers are continued without Intermision, and the Churches of this City are so throng'd, that it is difficult to find Entrance——There is Nineveh exemplified; now if you would have a Character of your own Humiliations, I refer you to Isaiah Chap. i. from the 11th to the 15th Verse; and if you would accept of Advice what Course to take——It is not for me to dictate; but read the same Text to the 21st Verse; and there it is set down at large——I am no Commentator, nor shall not invade the Province of your Ministers; one sincere conscious Thought will be a Commentator for you.*

O could the Power of Words but represent to you the Hellish abominable Custom of this Drunken way of Praying! Could you but familie your selves in the old Hebrew Times, when Men were to pray for the Peace of Jerusalem, and for Prosperity to those that love her——Fancy now a Man in King Solomon's Time, should come out into his Balcony, or in the street in Jerusalem, and calling his Company about him, take his Glass in his hand, and cry Prosperity to JERUSALEM, Huzza, that is instead of AMEN by the way, then tosst up his Cap, and so all the Company round: Then again, GOD blest King SOLOMON, HUZZA, and this till they were all Drunk;—Now King Solomon was a wise Man, that you will all allow; can you guess what he would have said to this?

M. No, not I; perhaps he would have said, they had been honest Mad-Fellows, such as I am.

Rev. No, no, he would have certainly punish'd them as Prophane Drunken Wicked Fellows, and have Damn'd the Practice

as Infamous and Abominable——Again, suppose these or another Gang in the same pickle had Drank on——A Health to the Temple, or to the *Sanctum Sanctorum*; or a Health to the Altar; what would have been done to them?

M. I am no Jew, what do you ask me for?

Rev. Why, I'll tell you, he would have stoned them to Death for Blasphemers——

And yet among our TAVERN PRAYERS, what is more frequent, the Glass in one hand, the Hatt in the other—A Health to the CHURCH OF ENGLAND——

If he that swore by the Heaven, swore by Him whose Throne is in Heaven; if he that swore by the Altar, swore by the Sacrifice or Gift that was upon the Altar; then he that Drinks to the Church Drinks to Jesus Christ, who is the Head of the Church, and ought to be Hang'd for a Blasphemer——And 'tis not a shame to our People only; but to our Laws and Constitution, that such abominable Things are not made Criminals.

Now for this senseless wretched Custom of drinking Prosperity to this or that; pray, how is it manag'd? It is introduc'd generally with an Oath, 'tis confirm'd with a Huzza, 'tis closed with Drink—and often with Excess——Devotion it cannot be call'd, Blasphemy they would not have it be—it can be nothing but mocking Devotion——And will you examine the Coherence? Pray and Drink, Nothing but Hell ever joyn'd two such Actions; the QUEEN's Health and a Brimmer to; gorge the Stomach on one hand—the Knees bended, the Head bare, and the Name of GOD in your Mouth on the other; GOD preserve her Majesty, Huzza, damn all the Dogs that wont pray for her——Blessed Work!—I'll sum up the Matter in short for you.

Gentlemen,

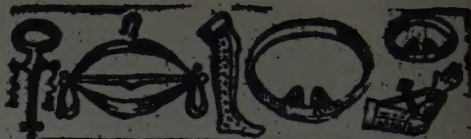
If you will pray for the QUEEN, or 'tis every good Man's Duty to do—and as he must be very ungrateful to such a QUEEN that does not—Do it like Christians in your publick and private real Devotions; do it as you may hope and expect GOD will hear you——Assure your selves, 'tis far from obligin

Prayer, for Majesty to use her thus, that
 Prayer that the Devil and your Drunkenness
 only prompts you to, her Majesty has very
 little Cause to thank you for. — **GOD**
 Almighty pities this Nation, for the many
 thoughtless Imprecations and Pissions made
 to Him by his wretched Creatures to damn
 them; a Thing England is infamous for all
 over the World; a Thing no Nation in the
 World but this practises, and a Thing amazes
 Foreigners when they hear it — Next to it is
 this Diabolical Practice of praying to **GOD** in
 our Drink, blending the sublimest Action of the
 Soul, and the meanest and worst then Brutal
 Villeness of the Body together — A Practice of
 which I may say, I believe without Breach of
 Charity — The **QUEEN** abominates it,
GOD Almighty abhors it, good Men tremble
 at it, and England is become scandalous for
 it to all the Christian Nations in the World.

These are to give Notice,

THAT **MARY KIRLEUS**, the Widow
 of **JOHN KIRLEUS**, Son of Dr.
THO. KIRLEUS, a Sworn-Physician, in Or-
 dinary to King Charles II. Sells (rightly
 prepar'd) his Famous Drink and Pills; ex-
 perientia above 50 Years (by an uncom-
 mon Method) to cure all Ulcers, Sores,
 Scabs, Itch, Scurf, Scurvy, Leprosy,
 Running of the Reins, and the most in-
 terate **VENEREAL** Disease, with all its
 attending Symptoms, without Fluxing,
 Confinement, or destructive Mercurial Pre-
 parations: These incomparable Medicines
 need no Words to express their Virtues;
 the many miserable Ones that have been
 happily cured, after given over by others,
 sufficiently recommend them as the most
 Sovereign Remedy in the World against all
 such Malignities: She cures many after
 Fluxing, and in Compassion to the Distressed,
 will deal according to the Patient's Ability
 The Drink is 3 s. the Quart; the Pill 1 s. the
 Box with Directions, and Advice Gratis.
NOTE, The Patient may be effectually cur'd
 by sending his Grief in Writing.

††† She lives at the Golden-Ball in Hand-
 Court, near against great Turnstile in Hol-
 born.



BARTLETT'S Inventions for the
 Cure of Ruptures, which have gain'd
 so Universal Esteem, are now, yet farther
 Improv'd to so great a Nicety, that one
 of his Steel Spring Trusses of the largest
 Size, seldom Exceeds 4 ounces in Weight,
 and one of the smallest rarely exceeds a
 quarter of an Ounce, and are so well a-
 dapted to the shapes of human Bodies,
 that they are extraordinary easy even to
 Infants of a Day Old, and intirely keep
 up the Ruptures of what Bigness soever.
 Also divers Instruments to help the Weak
 and Crooked. By P. Bartlett at the Golden
 Ball by the Ship Tavern in Prescot Street
 in Goodmans Fields, London.

NOTE, He forges and finishes his
 Trusses himself, by which means he daily
 Improves his Inventions.

✠ **Thomas Pritchard**, at the Saracens-Head in
 Little Carter Lane, near St. Paul's, Lon-
 don, having a Son who had a very bad Rup-
 ture, and applying to Mr. Bartlett, at the Golden
 Ball in Prescot-street in Goodman's-Fields, London,
 He perform'd the Cure in four Days to my
 great Surprize, and my Son has remain'd well
 ever since.

This is to give Notice, that I **Richard Baker**,
 of Lawrence-Poltnes Lane, Cannonstreet, London,
 having had a Rupture for about fifty Years;
 at last I apply'd my self to the late Mr. **Chris-
 topher Bartlett**, at the Golden Ball by the Tavern
 in Prescot-street in Goodman's-Fields; who, by
 his ingenious Invention of Spring-Trusses
 and Rupture Spirits, with the Blessing of
GOD, made a perfect Cure in about eight
 Months, and I have been perfectly well ever
 since, which is about four or five Years.

NOTE, His Son **P. Bartlett** lives at the
 same Place as above-mention'd, and carries
 on the same Business, as his Father did;
 having been by him thoroughly instructed
 therein.